VOL. 2, NO. 21 : SEPT. 13, 1934 : TEN CENTS

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Editor's Quill

APPARENTLY the only justification for the removal of Carmel's Post Office was the saving of $100 a month in rental cost. All things being equal, this was a sufficient reason for moving.

But all things are not equal by a long way. Had other important matters been taken into consideration there probably would have been no change of quarters recommended by the agent of the Post Office Department.

In the first place, being a non-carrier office, location in or near the center of population is an essential requirement. Instead of that the new office is further from the center of population than it was before.

Secondly, the objection that the old office did not afford adequate lobby space or window service for the public has not been corrected in the new office. On the contrary, lobby space is smaller and window service has not been added to.

Thirdly, working space for the employees and storage space for stock and records are now very much restricted. Whereas in years gone by it was always possible to handle the heavy Christmas business in the Post Office itself, this year additional quarters will have to be rented in order to serve the public properly.

Two years ago the owners of the old building, on approval of the Post Office Department, built at considerable expense a large section to provide for the efficient handling of increasing incoming and out going mail. Thus the moving was an injustice to the owners of the old quarters.

No, the move was ill-advised. The new quarters are quite inadequate. The $1200 a year saving is made at the sacrifice of service and convenience.

—W. L. O.

WITH the slow but steady building up of the territory adjoining the incorporated limits of Carmel there is a revival of the proposal to annex to the city this contiguous territory.

There are arguments both for and against the proposition and on both sides. For instance, what by annexation might be advantageous to Hatton Fields, may be a disadvantage to Carmel Woods; and what might be a benefit to La Loma, may be a detriment to the Point. And vice versa.

Annexation of outlying territory is a matter that requires much careful thought and discussion. The ultimate gainer, should annexation come about, would rest with the city insofar as a reduction of municipal taxes would be likely to result without any curtailment of services rendered. The city's income from taxes would be greater and the expense of upkeep and administration would, in proportion, be considerably reduced. Also, constant users of the city's utilities would be paying something for the use of them. This, briefly, is the city's side of the matter.

Property owners in the territory proposed to be annexed have as their big argument against coming into the city the fact that they would be obliged to pay city, in addition to county, taxes. Quite so. But for that extra tax they would get something that they do not have now. To enumerate: Fire and police protection, sewer connection, street maintenance on improved streets, lights, and lower county taxes. The question is, do the services afforded by municipal administration justify the small additional tax? About $1.10 on each $100 of assessed valuation.

—W. L. O.

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It is now up to the State Supreme Court to make decision as to the legality of the game refuge law which makes the entire Monterey Peninsula, and a considerable territory adjacent, a refuge for game birds and animals.

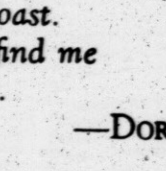
Undaunted by an unfavorable decision handed down some weeks ago by Judge Henry G. Jorgensen, Miss Julia B. Platt, who seeks to test legality of the law, has instructed Attorney Russell Scott to appeal the decision.

Miss Platt's claim that the game refuge act, adopted by the last legislature on request of a group of Carmel citizens, is invalid is based upon the fact that many property owners whose lands are embraced within the refuge were not consulted and in no way agreed to formation of the refuge.

Miss Platt feels that the state has no right to place any property within a game refuge without consent of its owner and is willing to finance cost of legal action to test the point.

Judge Jorgensen declined to agree with Miss Platt's contention that the game refuge law is unconstitutional and upheld authority of the legislature to enact such statutes.

Poetry



DIRGE

You have not come to me,
And so—Fare-well.
There is no agony
In my death knell.

I shall not murmur
Nor stir as you pass.
My heart is quiet
As painted glass.

Silent the evening.
Deep is the sea,
Silver and shimmering,
Calling to me.

Never a tear.
Life has been kind.
Nothing I fear.
Nothing I mind.

Laugh and be gay.
Drink then a toast.
For they shall find me
A merry ghost.

—DOROTHY BROOKE

FORGIVENESS

Because I loved my brother much
Although he deeply sinned
I better know in part
Christ's heart. How He forgives
Through Love, his erring children
Once, again—and yet again.

—JOSEPHINE MILDRED BLANCH

❀ ❀

Miss Valentine Porter has arrived in Cambridge, Mass., where she will enter Radcliffe College.

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News of the Hamlet

Accompanying the plans and drawings of Carmel's proposed City Hall, recently sent to the P. W. A. in San Francisco, the following argument for the project was set forth:

"The unusual growth of this city," said the summary, "is due to its scenic beauty in a pine forest overlooking Carmel Bay, and the world wide publicity it has received as an art center, and to the improvement of highways. Within the next twelve months the completion of the Coast Highway (California State Highway No. 1) will put Carmel on the direct route between San Francisco and Los Angeles and will undoubtedly add impetus to our growth."

The plans as approved by the City Council, were prepared by the Associated Architects of Carmel, Charles Sumner Greene, Guy O. Koepp, Milton Latham and C. J. Ryland. The westerly fifty feet of the city park is the proposed site.

In the south wing of the Spanish type structure will be the city clerk's office, chambers of the city judge and jury room; in the central portion will be the council chambers and court room; then comes a wide corridor and across it is the fire house, but still under the same roof, capable of accommodating three pieces of apparatus and necessary equipment.

At the west end of the edifice is the office of the police department, and above it facilities for detaining three prisoners. Also upstairs is a dormitory and social room for the fire department.

❀ ❀

The Board of Supervisors of Monterey County have given approval to a proposal from L. B. Show, regional forester, United States Forestry service, providing for construction of a road from Arroyo Seco to the coast.

The proposed road will be 24 feet wide, with maximum grades of about 6 per cent and curves of 200 to 300 feet radius, and of high standard construction, comparable to that of the new coast highway, with which it will connect near Partington canyon.

The route will follow Arroyo Seco, Tassajara and Willow creeks, thence westerly cutting across Santa Barbara National Forest and forming an extension of the road which was recently built to Arroyo Seco and joining the present main highway near Soledad. Total length of the road from Soledad to the coast will be about 30 miles, of which 20 miles remains to be built under the proposed plan.

Show's proposal was that the county provide rights of way where needed and assume the maintenance of the road after construction, the federal government to pay the cost of building the road. A map on which the approximate route was indicated was the subject of interested study by the supervisors and by County Surveyor Howard Cozzens.

Decision to accept the proposal was reached without opposition and County Clerk Carol Joy was instructed to notify Show of the Board's action.

Just how soon federal funds will be available for the project is uncertain, but Show expressed a belief that work could be started in the near future.

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The Bal Masqué, to be given for the benefit of the Carmel Art Association, will be held at Hotel Del Monte on Saturday, September 29. Buffoonery, comic revues, dancing and other features of a Parisian art ball will be intermingled during the evening.

"This is the artists' and writers' own ball," Armin Hansen, who heads the general committee, said. "The merchants and business element in Carmel just had their fun with the Spanish fiesta and pageant. It's now the turn of the artists and the writers to have their own merry-making."

The affair will be invitational, and appropriate costumes will be required.

❀ ❀

The charter roll of the recently organized Carmel American Legion Post will close on Monday, November 5th. Those eligible for membership are required to pay the annual dues of $5 in advance, and must present credentials showing service in the army, navy, marine corps or air service during the World War.

The Post has been officially designated as No. 512. The new officers will be installed on Monday, October 1st, in the Manzanita Hall headquarters.

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The first Fall meeting of Carmel Troop 86, Boy Scouts of America, was held on Friday evening, September 7th, with 20 Scouts present. In this number were two new Scouts; Larry MacLaren and Frank Ross. Larry MacLaren is a recent arrival from Salinas and comes to the troop for his first work in Scouting. Frank Ross is transferring from the Susanville troop.

Several new plans are under way to make this the best year yet for Troop 86, Special attention is to be given to the daily good turns. The best one reported for each week will be reported to the papers.

The first meeting was a fun meeting. After the business was over, all went to the beach and played beckon with their flash lights.

❀ ❀

The Carmel Scout Troop Committee met Friday noon to discuss plans for the coming year. The meeting was opened by Mr. Hurd Comstock acting in the absence of Chairman Herman S. Crossman. Al Young, Scout Executive, outlined plans of procedure in securing support for Scout activities. Scoutmaster John Neikirk stated that the local troops had rendered active assistance to the community during the Serra Pageant and the Forest Theater Fair. Skipper Martin J. Peterson told of the interest of the Sea Scouts in constructing a sea-going craft which would soon be ready for launching. The fine work of Mr. Bernard Rowntree in soliciting funds for this year's program received the commendation of the executive committee. Many points were presented relative to the Scout program but decision was delayed pending the return of the Committee Chairman, Mr. Crossman. Scout Troop Committeemen Otto W. Bardarson, Everett Smith, Melvin Dorsett, Hurd Comstock and Louis Levinson were present. Scoutmasters John Neikirk, Ernie Perkins and Skipper Martin Peterson reported on troop activities. Field Executive Al Young expressed pleasure over the activities of the local troops and the program of Americanization advanced by the Troop Committeemen.

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Work of clearing and widening the channel of the Carmel River is under way. It will follow a course several miles in length. Completion of the work, which is a SERA project, will give employment to about a hundred laborers.

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Records to date of this year's attendance at Sunset School (Carmel) show a slight falling off as compared with last year at the same time. The figures are 322 for this year and 336 for 1933. The decrease will be made up before the end of the semester.

One Life's Record

An Anonymous Autobiography

(Continued from last week)

The red sun plopped down behind a butte across the valley. Evening fell, and in the violet dusk the street, heretofore practically deserted, seemed to awaken. Shadowy figures moved up and down the block. I caught the clink of spurs, the rattle of doors opened as far as their chains would permit, and now it seemed as if each and every house boasted a piano—as well as panels or transoms of stained glass around its front door. From the mosaic patterns of the ornamental glass, various names stood out, and now I read the Gothic letters above the door of the house which held my new boss and my new hat.

"Flora," ran the legend; and now I felt quite certain that it wasn't the kind of house the clean-living clean-thinking *Deadwood Dick* would patronize.

Nevertheless it was a bit of life, a chapter lifted from a book heretofore sealed to me by those able to speak with authority. Corner loafers and pool-room habitués had whispered of such things. It was a phase shot with romance, veiled by gun smoke and the mysteries of Sex. Even though I was but fourteen I was all eyes and ears, visualizing meanwhile what might be happening inside those frame houses. I pictured red lips and cooing voices, rare perfumes and the bursting bubbles of amber wine. Then suddenly the front door opened and Mr. Field stumbled out.

A woman helped him across the sidewalk and to the mounting-step of the buckboard—a woman of majestic build and with diamond earrings sparkling in the semi-darkness. A lift, a jolt, and the ranchman was seated. Now the woman leaned over him and spoke to me.

"You better drive, kid," she said in a husky voice. "He's all slopped up."

I smelled onions on the breath of the woman whom I dare say was "Flora" in person, but before I could answer, the reins were snatched from me and a whiplash fell. The woman scrambled aside. The horses plunged. And sped by a hearty curse we were whisked away up the frowzy street and out onto the open prairie.

A wild ride followed. The chill air seemed to penetrate to my marrow. Half-numbed, with chattering teeth, I clung to the iron rail beside the cushion, fearful that each breath I drew was to be the last. Along a winding dirt road we flew, now and then finding chuckholes which sent us bouncing toward the stars and showering us with yellow muck. But the hungry horses knew well the loops and turns. At length they slowed, stopped, and stood with spreading nostrils and heaving sides before some barrier invisible to me.

"Get down and open that gate," Mr. Field ordered.

While he spoke thickly, I could sense that the wild ride in the keen air had sobered him to some extent. I climbed down, and evading the impatient hoofs and bobbing heads of the bays, found the latch and swung wide the big gate. The ranchman drove through. I closed the gate, remounted, and presently a mellow light appeared. Again the horses stopped, and from the shadows of a building I assumed was the barn, a figure issued and stood at the horses' heads. Again I climbed down.

The wicker lunch-basket was gone, but my heavy suit-case had come safely over the bumps. I dragged it out and followed Mr. Field toward the lighted windows of a house across the yard; but barely had I taken a step or two before I was clutched by the arm.

"I want you to tell Lucy," the new boss said in a low but threatening tone, "that your train came in three hours late. If you give me away I'll kick the stuffin' out of you."

A sweet-faced woman stood awaiting us in a warm room where there was a table set for three. Savory odors came from a well-polished stove, and as I escaped rather confusedly from a motherly embrace and a mother-like kiss, I noticed that the atmosphere was that of a well-kept New England cottage.

"My train was three hours late, Aunt Lucy," I lied, and turned to warm my numbed fingers near the hissing teakettle.

Her soft brown eyes turned from me to survey her husband, stooping over the sink. She sensed his condition, perhaps guessed the rest, and with quivering lips went about serving supper.

It was my first and last meal with the "family." Thereafter I was relegated to the "second table," where with the two hired Swedes constituting the personnel of the home ranch, I ate the plain but abundant fare provided by a cook who knew her business.

A gentle soul was Lucy Field. Time and again she insisted that I was a boy from a fine family dear to her, and that the second table and a bed in the evil-smelling bunkhouse wasn't fitting. But always Mr. Field prevailed against her. I was no better than any of the other hands—not as good, in fact. I was but a soft Eastern lad of fourteen—big for my age, true, for many moons yet to come, unworthy the johnny-cakes I'd devour.

The first morning wrought complete disenchantment. I found that the horse ranch proper was many miles distant, that it was run by a specialist in breeding and training, and that only on monthly supply trips did Mr. Field visit it. Here on the home ranch of the Diamond-F, was but a cow or two, a work team, and the lively span of bays driven only by the boss. Desolate and treeless lands surrounded the home ranch on all sides, and in this valley, hemmed in by naked buttes and unfriendly mountains, scarcely a spear of living green showed.

Prairie dogs was the answer to the riddle of desolation. Their villages and mounds were on every hand. A war of extermination was in process, and in this scheme I fitted. I could wield pick and shovel. I could wheel heavy carboys of chemicals to the dog villages; and once a promising burrow-entrance was located it became my task to dig, to saturate a wad of cotton with the deadly poison, and after placing it to advantage, to cover it and tamp the earth well down. The theory was that the cunning animal, seeking air, would sniff and die.

For a week or ten days I shoveled clay and tamped it back. In the bunkhouse at night I lay grieving over the disillusionment. Coyotes skulked over the miserable acres outside, their yelps blending with the Scandinavian jabbering of my bunkmates as they sucked at rank pipes and amused themselves at cards. When at last the kerosene lamp was blown out and its smoking wick contributed to the prevailing effluvium, the darkness and quiet brought me no comfort. It meant only that the morning was closer at hand—when there'd be no cows to punch, no horses to ride, nor indeed even a fancy wide-brimmed hat to sport.

The sheath-knife and scabbard had been taken away from me. And Mr. Field kept not only the hat, but had also appropriated the horns and nailed them over a doorway. More than once I caught him eyeing my new boots, and had they fitted him I daresay he'd have taken them.

(To be continued next week)

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Exploit yourself—after you have recognized your limitations.

The migrating season seems to be on—Doc and Mrs. Staniford left Tuesday for a week's trip south—to Los Angeles and then into Mexico (Do you think Doc will get past the edges?) I really think the object of the trip is for Doc to scout U. S. C.

❀ ❀

During their absence Bill Staniford and Mr. Frederick Hilbert are carrying on, and Bill, being an extremely perspicacious lad, immediately availed himself of the versatile privileges of running a drug store and installed a Zoo Department. (Do you think that's a new one in drug store fun? I'll bet it isn't at that), Anyway—Bill caught a black spider playing tag with herself on his hand and presence of mind enough—before he passed out cold—to entice it into a bottle, where Black Maria now sits in state on the foremost counter—a very definite warning to all the local flies (by night).

❀ ❀

To continue with the migration department—Fred Godwin and his brother Harrison left yesterday for a three weeks' trip through the National Parks in the vicinity (you'd think the people in this town would have enough of the "tourist touch" without turning around, etc. But then maybe that's the idea—you chase me and I'll chase you, and I'll bet I can go more touristy in your hotel than you did in mine). It's quite a trip they're having at that. They're going first to Puget Sound and Vancouver and then up to Fort McLeod in Alberta, Canada (where incidentally maybe you've heard Fred used to run a *wheat ranch*). After they get through all this sight-seeing they'll both attend the Hotelmen's Convention at Agua Caliente and then come home if they still want to. Oh for a father who would have just loved to own a hotel!

❀ ❀

Ted Watson has gone back to school at San Diego and taken all the boys who go to different schools together with him. That's that for the younger female set.

And still it comes—but rally round for a little civic loyalty—Ray Burns, who is one of the main props of the Shell Oil Company in Monterey, has been threatened with transfer—and so violent is he on the subject that he left yesterday for Fresno to spill some of that blarney he carries around in his hair so that he won't have to leave here. Does he *love* it here! (She goes for him too.)

❀ ❀

Well, I've sat here mooning over this obituary (because what I mean is it will be dead around here for us gals, and how, oh how, can we support the town and get to the Arts Ball) and finally comes a thought. We're not being completely deserted and somebody loves us. Mrs. Kalmen Sapero arrives from Los Angeles this week to join her husband, who has been practicing law here for the last few months. We'll all be glad to see her. *Most extraordinary*—Mr. Sapero has been trying to rent an *unfurnished* house and finds that unfurnished houses, with true Carmel spirit, are much more de-ah that ones completely equipped with local atmosphere. We don't seem to have any place to move the furniture to. Some unemployed family could have a swell time with a houseful of furniture down on the beach.

❀ ❀

Did you know that there is a perfectly swell place on Dolores Street called the "Weeds and Reads." I'll bet you didn't and is it *Fun!* Parked around among the cigarettes and pipes is a bunch of "used literature." Magazines and books that are traded in and around and about, and you can buy about a dozen of the swellest ones for what you pay for one new one. Also, if you run out of wood and can't use your own magazines for kindling you can trade them in and have a few you haven't read in exchange. I go crazy in there, because I always feel guilty at wanting to buy one of those "Amazing Stories" or the latest thriller—but my conscience is perfectly clear when I trade in a *Vanity Fair* for the last word in Detective truth. —P. C.

❀ ❀

GET BUSY GOLFERS!

An "On To Miami'" Golf Tournament has been proposed by the Monterey Peninsula Exchange Club to be held on the Pacific Grove Municipal Links September 22nd and 23rd, the proceeds to be applied to the "On To Miami" Fund of the Monterey Drum and Bugle Corps of the American Legion.

Handicaps are now being worked out by Fred X. Fry and keen competition for the trophy the Club will award is expected. Additional prizes, to be secured through the co-operation of Carmel merchants, will add additional zest to the play. All indications so far are that low scores, hitherto unsuspected, will be turned in by some dark, dark horses.

All those interested should get into contact with Jack Schroeder, the suave and smiling realtor of Ocean Avenue, at once.

Book Notes

The Nueva Press, San Francisco, announces publication of "The Founding of the First California Missions. By Junipero Serra and his Companions in the Year 1769." Edited and with an introduction by Douglas Watson. This "Serra Year" is an opportune time for the publication. It will be widely read.

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An autobiography, "Not It But the Wind," by Frieda Lawrence, widow of D. H. Lawrence, is announced to appear next month.

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Nard Jones, author of "Oregon Detour," published about four years ago, has written another and better novel, titled "All Six Were Lovers." Dodd, Mead & Co. are the publishers.

❀ ❀

Novels of the South are coming along quite frequently lately. The latest published by McBride & Co., is "The Old Lady's Shoes," by Samuel Tupper. One critic describes it as "summery, but not trivial."

❀ ❀

Following the action of a number of British authors, Pearl S. Buck, author of "The Good Earth," recently returned from China, has accepted a position with the John Day Company. She will be an advisory editor.

❀ ❀

Another October novel, to be brought out by Minton Balch, is Henrietta Leslie's "Mother of Five." Two years ago this author gave us "Mrs. Fisher's War."

❀ ❀

Professor John Dewey's "Challenge to the New Deal" is now in the hand of the booksellers. It will no doubt create something of a political stir.

❀ ❀

"Little Orvie," Booth Tarkington's delightful story, which has been running serially, will appear in book form before long.

❀ ❀

First printing of former President Herbert Hoover's "The Challenge to Liberty" will number 25,000 copies. September 28th will be the publication date.

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During the last week in August, report the publishers of "Holy Deadlock," an average of 1025 copies a day were sold in England. It heads all best-seller lists.

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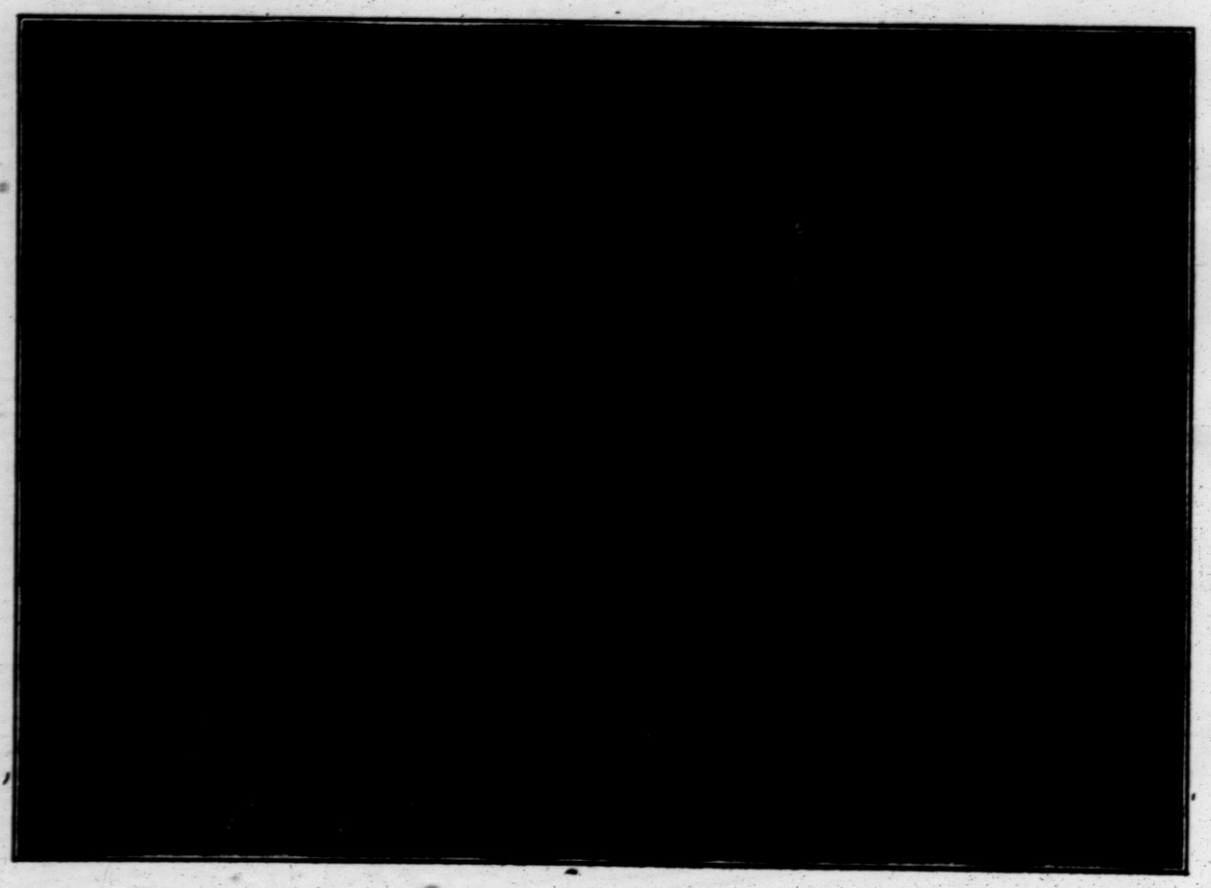
Millard A. Klein of this city has been appointed field representative for the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. For a number of years Klein was a sugar beet producer in the San Joaquin Valley.



Book Reviews

"Slow Vision," by Maxwell Bodenheim (The Macaulay Co., $2.50). This very readable book on the present day class struggle by the author of "Ninth Avenue" and "New York Madness" makes one wonder if anything constructive is accomplished by the repeated airing of such facts or alleged facts. The conditions are known to the victims and to those who are responsible for them. Sincere efforts are being made by all interested parties to correct the inequalities and injustices disclosed and proven.

My point is not that I would suppress the information, but that over-emphasis be avoided. And furthermore, it seems wise, for the good of the cause, that the spirit of industrial unrest be not unnecessarily aroused.

Bodenheim's sincerity is refreshing. No writer of the kind of material he handles in this new book has more courage in stating the facts, but apparently remedies are not in his line.

—W. L. O.

❀ ❀

"The Wandering Scholars," by Helen Waddell (Henry Holt, $2.50). Were one resolved to look up all the foot-notes that appear in this excellent 300-page volume he would set himself a mighty task involving much time and the patience of a stoic. Few libraries afford all the books to which reference is directed.

And yet so splendidly is the text of this adventure in literary history assembled and discussed, so charmingly are the seemingly incongruous elements amplified and explained that one can understand the pride of the publishers in announcing that the book is now in its sixth edition in England.

Writing of Miss Waddell's other fine work, Storm Jameson said: "It is unlikely that the year will produce another novel of the quality of 'Peter Abelard.'" Perhaps this prophesy came true. At any rate "The Wandering Scholars" deserves as high a commendation.

—W. L. O.

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The MacMillan list for this month includes a biography, "My Cousin, F. Marion Crawford," by Maud Howe Elliott.

ONE VIEWPOINT ON THE "EPIC PLAN"

By Harold L. Mack

The results of the Primary Election in California are now known. California is faced with the strong probability that Mr. Upton Sinclair will be the next Governor.

Mr. Sinclair has made his campaign on a plan which he has termed "Epic." There are some who believe that if Mr. Sinclair is elected, he will abandon this plan and become a conservative. In this case, I feel that the "wish is father to the thought." Mr. Sinclair is not the type of man to back down on anything he commences.

It is my belief that the "Epic Plan" will be put into operation, and, therefore, it might be well to analyze this plan and to study its probable effects.

The Democratic Party has pledged itself that no one in this country shall go hungry. They have pledged themselves to take care of the unemployed. To date this result has been accomplished by the borrowing of large sums of money on Government credit and heavy monetary taxation against all lines of endeavor. The unemployment problem is still with us. Very little has been accomplished in bringing back our industrial system to normalcy. If, therefore, the Democratic Party is to live up to its pledges, it must continue to go more heavily into debt and endeavor to meet the interest and principal on this debt by again increasing the already overburden of taxation.

I have always contended, and still contend, that a policy, which relies upon credit inflation, in a situation where there is already too much debt, cannot succeed. Under the "Epic Plan," Mr. Sinclair proposes to take over such factories and buildings as are not being operated profitably under our present system and utilize the unemployed to operate these factories. He intends to take over the land that is not at present being utilized for productive purposes and turn it over to the unemployed. He proposes to establish large warehouses where the goods that are produced by the unemployed under this plan may be stored and distributed to the unemployed, utilizing scrip or tickets as a means by which such distribution may take place in an orderly manner. He proposes that instead of taxing going industry through a demand for higher monetary payments, to allow them to pay taxes in goods and products which these factories are turning out and for which there are no present available markets. In this way, he expects to obtain the raw materials, machinery, seed, and other primary essentials necessary to keep his large unemployment colonies in operation. He expects to finance the interior workings of these colonies through the issuance of scrip, which scrip will circulate freely within these colonies and which will be good for exchange for all goods or services available within these colonies.

In other words, what Mr. Sinclair proposes to do is to set up a "State within a State." He claims that the present State is capable of producing a larger amount of goods and services than can be successfully utilized with the present money now available. He, therefore, proposes to issue new money called "scrip," which will be used to exchange goods and services in the secondary state to be peopled by the present unemployed.

The purchasing power of the scrip which he proposes to issue will depend entirely on the quantity and quality of the goods and services that he will be able to create in these unemployment colonies. If, in these unemployment colonies, he will be able to produce goods and services equal to those being produced under the regular monetary system, then the value of such scrip will be exactly the same as the regular money. If, on the other hand, these unemployment colonies can only produce an inferior quality of goods and offer only inferior services compared to those working under the regular monetary system, then the value of this scrip will be in exact proportion to the relationship between the goods and services produced under the two systems.

To start with, there is no question that the standard of living in these unemployment colonies will be lower than that existing in other parts of the State. The variety of goods available to the unemployed and the quality of these goods which they produce will not compare with the goods and services available elsewhere.

Theoretically this plan has many points that are better than the present plans of the Administration. Under the present system of "disguised charity" not only are the unemployed being degraded, but those who are employed in the productive enterprises in the State are being strangled slowly by the milking process that is constantly taking place through taxation, in compelling going industry to support a large class in idleness.

Mr. Sinclair's scheme is a form of inflation, but inasmuch as a State cannot issue valid money, he is depending upon the issuance of scrip, which scrip will be an addition to, but separate from, our present monetary system. It will be circulated among the unemployed, but not among the employed. This will at least temporarily relieve going business of the present heavy monetary taxation which is strangling it. I say, temporarily, advisedly, however, because I do not for a moment think that Mr. Sinclair will be able to establish unemployment colonies that will in any way become self-supporting. It takes years and years to develop a complex industrial system. It takes years to train a man for even the simplest of industrial jobs. Mr. Sinclair will find in his unemployment colonies, the same greed, the same dishonesty, the same desire for some to get advantage over others that exists and always will exist among human beings. In addition, he will find a lack of leadership, a lack of knowledge, and a lack of trained ability, that will make his colonies extremely precarious affairs.

We already have in this country the basis and the nucleus of the soundest type of industrial machine. It is true that at present it is running in low only because there is not sufficient fuel to feed it. Credit inflation is not a fuel; all it does is prime the carburetor, leaving the main engine dry as it ever was. At least under Mr. Sinclair's plan, he will give going industry a chance to rest and recover, and, at the same time, prove that theory and practice are two entirely different things.

When all is said and done, it is far better that the experiment he is about to conduct be conducted on a State-wide basis, disagreeable though it may be for those living within that State, than for the National Government to continue risking our entire National Being. I do not believe for a minute that we can get out of our present dilemma by relying on "faith healers" for a cure. The knife must be used. Perhaps it is better that the knife be used for a minor operation, rather than risk the death of the patient by experimenting with major operations at this time.

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The new representative of the Chevrolet output in Carmel is E. C. Poklen, an experienced and well-known automobile man, who has resided here for some time. He plans a number of innovations to meet the needs of the traveling public. Announcement of a new location will shortly be made. The name of the new setup is the Poklen Chevrolet Company.

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An old-timer is one who can remember when the wailing wall was in the woodshed.

SOCIAL CREDIT

(Continued from last week)

The fourth of the well-written articles by David Warren Ryder on the Douglas proposals for Social Credit is reprinted in this issue. It is hoped that the CRIER'S readers are following this series through with as much interest as have many others, who have read them in newspaper form. Anyone desiring further information regarding these revolutionary and amazing proposals can obtain it at the regular weekly meetings of the Social Credit group, held in the old auditorium of Sunset School each Thursday evening at 7:45 p.m. —ED.

ARTICLE IV

The process of the gradual impoverishment of the consumer through the producer having to take back in prices more than he pays out in wages, salaries and dividends is one of the major causes of the depressions or so-called trade cycles that occur every few years. At first, after we "recover" from a depression (and a "recovery" is accomplished only by wholesale bankruptcies and other forced liquidation), the effects of this process are scarcely noticeable. But its evils are cumulative.

The more goods there are sold, the greater is the total amount that the producer takes back, through prices, that he has not distributed in wages, salaries or dividends. This gradually depletes the savings of the consumers until after, say, 10 or 12 years, their savings are gone, and the depression begins again.

For the sake of emphasis and to make the situation doubly clear, it may be well to repeat that money reaches the average person—you and me—in only three ways: through wages, salaries, and dividends paid by the producers of goods or services. Now, it is possible only for us to buy as much of the goods that are produced as the total of our wages, salaries and dividends amount to.

All the amount that is represented in price as cost of raw materials, cost of replacing or repairing machinery, interest on money borrowed from the bank, etc., remains out of our reach, no matter how badly we may want or need the goods, since, from the standpoint of those who make and sell goods, people who want goods but lack the money to buy them, are as useless as people who do not want the goods at all.

It may be asked why money spent on raw materials, machinery, equipment, etc., is to be regarded as the cause of our being unable to buy the whole of the finished products.

The answer is that all such payments have to be included in the price of the finished products, but the money with which these payments were made, has, for the most part, been spent already, and has gone before the finished products have come on the market.

For instance, wages paid to the workers in a flour mill will have been spent by them for goods made in earlier periods before the flour which they have been making has time to appear on the market in the form of bread. The price of the bread must include the wages of mill workers, but they no longer will have those wages to buy the particular batch of bread for making the flour for which those wages were paid.

"But," some may ask, "how can wages —money—have actually gone? Even if the mill workers have spent it, it certainly is circulating somewhere in the country and enabling other people to buy bread."

It has gone because by the time the bread comes on the market, most of it will have been used to repay a bank loan of some kind, and all money that repays a bank loan is destroyed and completely wiped out. Why and how this happens, the Social Credit people explain as follows:

First of all, they point out that of the three forms of money—coin, currency and "cheque money" (bank credit)—the latter is by far the most important, since nearly nine-tenths of the money of the civilized world exists in this form; and by far the greater portion of the world's financial business is carried on by it—that is, by cheques.

The next point is the difference between bank loans and ordinary loans. If

you have $100 and lend a friend $50, then each of you has $50, until he repays you, when you again have $100 and he, nothing.

In other words, the ordinary loan merely transfers money from one person to another, without changing the total amount existing. But when a bank makes a loan, it has the right to create, as new cheque money and as an addition to the money already existing, the sum it proposes to lend, simply by writing down the figure of the loan on its books.

By merely writing down the figure of $100 in its books, the bank through making a loan of that amount, brings into existence $100 of new cheque money and thus of new buying power that did not exist a moment previous to the entry.

Supposing that before the loan was made there were $2,000 worth of goods in the country, only $1,900 worth of which could be sold because people had only $1,900; then the moment the bank wrote down their figure of $100, the remainder of those goods could be sold and made use of.

This was not true a moment before, no matter how badly that $100 worth of goods might have been needed, because needing things avails people nothing if they lack the money to pay for them.

Moreover, the thing which gives value and backing to this new cheque money, which has been so quickly brought into existence, is the borrower's wealth in goods and his capacity to produce wealth in goods.

Now, just as new cheque money is created when a bank makes a loan, so is that money destroyed when that loan is repaid, because when the debt of the borrower is cancelled, the cancellation also wipes out of existence the money repaid.

Thus, if before a loan of $10,000 was repaid, the bank's total deposits stood at $100,000, after it was repaid they would stand at $90,000 and not at $110,000 as some might have thought, because as Reginald McKenna, the British banker, points out: "Every loan creates a deposit and every repayment of such a loan destroys a deposit."

Thus, it is seen how easily the banks can increase or decrease the amount of cheque money in existence. If they want to increase it, they merely have to grant more loans, with every loan adding just that much more to the total amount of money in existence. If they want to reduce it, they have only to go on receiving repayment of existing loans and making few, if any, new ones.

Here someone may say: "But why should the banks ever want to reduce the amount of money?" The answer is: "To enhance the value of what is left." Since the value of money in a country depends on the amount of goods that people want to buy.

If, for instance, there is a great deal of money and few goods, prices will be high and the value of the money low—that is, money will buy little. If, on the other hand, there are many goods and little money, the value of the money will be high—a small amount of money will buy a large amount of goods.

As Lord Milner, another British banker, puts it: "Just as productive industry welcomes rising prices, the moneyed interests must always be in favor of falling prices because they render its own wares—money—more valuable."

(To be continued next week)

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Tentative courses, subject to sufficient enrollment, have been announced by the Monterey High School authorities in their plans for adult classes in the various communities on the Monterey Peninsula and at Aromas and Pajaro.

The following courses will be offered:

Commercial subjects—Typing, shorthand, bookkeeping, business machines.

Formal studies—Italian, Spanish and general high school subjects, work to be offered for credit toward high school graduation.

Homemaking and the arts—Millinery and dressmaking, parental education, life class, elementary art, arts and crafts, festival chorus, evening orchestra.

Trade and industrial arts—Adult avocations, wookworking, cabinet making, metalcraft.

Recreational—Swimming, health exercises, badminton, wrestling, basketball, volleyball, games, dancing.

Self-expression through speech—Public speaking, speech art laboratory, drama, characterization.

Adult immigrant education—School for the foreign born with reference to general education, speech expression, art, drama and music.

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By the placing of a marker at the top of Carmel Hill, at the intersection of the tri-city highway, last Monday afternoon, the Carmel-San Simeon Highway is officially confirmed as California Highway Number One.

The barbecue in the Indian Village, preceding the installation ceremony, was attended by about 150 officials and others, and several hundred more were on hand for the other features of the occasion.

Speakers included Russell Bevans, who represented Governor Frank Merriam, Senator E. H. Tickle, Mayor Sheldon Gilmer of Pacific Grove, Mayor W. L. Teaby of Monterey, D. L. Staniford of Carmel, and others. Music was furnished by the Eleventh Cavalry Band and the Monterey Fire Department orchestra.

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Art instruction in the four upper grades of Sunset School will be given by Miss Anna Marie Baer. In the lower grades the art work will be given by the regular class teachers.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE

Gentlemen:

The opinions expressed in the TOWN CRIER, *Pine Cone*, and *Sun* during the past few weeks by Edward Willett Burns, who is apparently the "official spokesman" for your organization, have brought up a number of questions in my mind about the local anti-red drive. By way of explanation I want to say at the beginning that I am *not* a Christian Scientist, John Reed-er, Communist, Sinclair-ite, or what have you. I do happen to have, strangely enough, the old-fashioned idea that the American Constitution guaranteed its liberties of speech, press, and assemblage to all, whether we agreed with them or not.

1. "Ostrich." Despite the letter from the editorial board of the *Monitor*, Byington Ford is still of the opinion that newspapers did not have the facts about the vigilantes and that editorials condemning such illegal groups were influenced by the "exigencies of the business office." Press associations' reports, based on police records of vigilante raids, were printed all over the country. They most certainly can not be denied. As to the influences of the business office, Mr. Ford and Mr. Burns have the unusual idea that "big business," through advertising, was influencing the press to express liberal ideas. Many writers have denounced the "kept press," but you are the first to claim that exactly the opposite is true.

One of your basic claims is that the "ridding process" used against "organized lawlessness" "is being conducted by lawful, legal methods." Police records show that the "organized lawlessness" was mainly that of vigilantes, whether they masqueraded under the name of "striking teamsters driving out the traitors in their ranks," "Citizens Committee," "Company A," or "Minute Men." I suggest that you obtain a copy of *The Nation* for August 29th and read "California Casualty List," based upon police and newspaper reports, an article of "authoritative illumination" on the "lawful, legal" measure used against "all -isms."

2. "Authoritative Illumination." If the American Legion, Citizens Committee, Citizens Committee Merchants Association, Company A, and the city government were led by different officials, there would be some basis for the idea that there would be balance wheels which would check rashness. But that bit of "wishful thinking" is destroyed by the records showing that the leaders are interlocking in the above mentioned groups.

As to Company A, the whirlwind-like speed with which that "semi-military" organization was made a part of the police force certainly looks suspicious. The announced purpose of these "special officers" is to quell "public disturbances." What law classifies meetings of the John Reed Club under that definition.

3. "Required Reading." Practically all of the spoutings published under that command in the last TOWN CRIER can easily be passed off as the vitriolic meanderings of a rabid "red-hot." There was, however, one bare-faced lie in that article that needs immediate correction.

You charge that the "OGPU," obeying the orders of Stalin, murdered "in our own land" an opponent of the Communists. Like a great many of the charges made by the Citizens Committee, that is a mere assertion. You presented absolutely *no* evidence or facts to sustain your charge.

(This is quite the right time to ask you gentlemen, since you are so worried about the underground activities of the "OGPU" in this country, why you are not also campaigning against the brown and black shirted representatives of Hitler and Mussolini?)

4. What special abilities, qualifications, and education do members of the American Legion, Citizens Committee, and Company A possess that they are able to decide with the wisdom of God Almighty exactly what thoughts, opinions, and organizations the people of Carmel shall have?

5. Is not this current red-baiting "meat and drink" for all convinced radicals and members of the John Reed Club? History shows that Communism flourishes best in countries where the strongest and most brutal methods of suppression are made. The Russian Czars certainly tried their best to wipe out "organized lawlessness." Where are they today? In democracies like England and France, where the Communist can talk in the park to his heart's content, the Party is relatively unimportant. In Italy and Germany the terrors of dictators have caused the building up of strong, underground revolutionary organizations.

All violent raids against radicals in this country bring about the following effects: (1) The members of the party become that much more convinced that it is impossible to achieve any reforms by legal methods. (2) All wavering sympathizers, now convinced that they should lend their active support to the cause, join the party. (3) A new group of sympathizers is created out of liberals who are disgusted by the "organized lawlessness" of the red-baiters. When the next reactionary wave comes, they will move ahead into the party.

In Carmel—while the Citizens Committee has successfully violated the United States Constitution, with the tacit agreement of local authorities, and has prevented the John Reed Club from having open meetings, they have not kept the club from continuing as an underground organization. One particularly interesting number of their "Bulletin" has been published, and a new issue, it is rumored, will come out soon.

6. "Subversive, illegal, and unconstitutional activities." Those words, as well as "treason," are indiscriminately used in all speeches about the Communists and the John Reed Club. Why is it that no specific examples of such activities are ever made?

Chester Rowell, the editor of the *Chronicle*, made some particularly pungent remarks several weeks ago, at the time the vigilante violence was at its height, in an editoral titled "Waging War On Communism." He warns that Fascism and Nazism both started by "mobbing Communists and continued by extra-legal organizations against Communism. They ended by using these organizations against democracy." Rowell points out that this present movement "can easily defeat itself" and warns that "the whole lesson of history is that extreme repression is the least effective of all weapons against Communism."

7. Illegal activities of the Citizens Committee. First: Edward Kuster's report of a boycott adopted and of threats against his life and property. Second: The historic episode of Sunday, August 26th, when thousands of dodgers on which legible type says "Carmel Citizens Committee," were dropped from airplanes all over the peninsula. This action was in direct violation of federal law, a Pacific Grove ordinance, and the famous anti-dodger law in Carmel. The "hushing up" and "quieting" of this case is an excellent example of how city officials, who are also legionaires and members of the vigilantes, are going to enforce laws which would bring groups using "legal (?) violence" to task. Can't you picture a trial scene in which City Attorney Argyll Campbell would have to call to the stand such leaders of your group as himself, Mayor Thoburn, Councilman Bobby Norton, Don Hale and Byington Ford?

8. "Destroying the weed but not the seed." I'll grant that you could destroy all open Communist organizations in this country, a great victory!—on paper. An underground organization, however, would certainly be far more dangerous.

The September issue of *Fortune* has an excellent article on "The Communist Party." Why don't you gentlemen drop your "bible," the ridiculous "Red Network," and find out what the non-partisan viewpoint is? Read the article through even once and the temperature and blood pressure of you "hot-shots" would drop hundreds of degrees. The whole question of Communists, vigilantes, and the anti-red drive is accurately and concisely summarized in the following final quotation from the *Fortune* article. I am concluding with it because I consider it one of the few calm, level-headed, sane bits of writing on the subject that has appeared during the past few weeks. The quotation:

"The Reds may be 'trouble makers' and 'fomenters of rebellion,' but they can make trouble and foment riots only when the capitalist system has done gross injustice to some small group. By leading the oppressed class and making their grievances articulate, the Communists force the capitalist system to adjust its more glaring inequalities. Whatever it does or will do, the Communist Party provides a vigilant and persistent opposition."

Yours,

WILLIAM A. MILLIS

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SHALL THE GOVERNMENT SUBSIDIZE CULTURE— A PLAN

By Harold L. Mack

The problem involved in bringing about a continuation of the Public Works of Art Project is not an easy one. To my mind—to merely give work to a certain number of artists, while it may mean relief, does not get at the artist's basic difficulties in our American culture.

Under the American system of economic development, the circle of life has gradually narrowed down so that there seems to be no place in the scheme of things for the artist, the writer, the teacher, the musician, the landscape gardener, the actor—and others who spend their creative effort mentally, rather than in making useful articles.

As a result of this narrowing down of American life, young intellectuals over the country are increasingly turning to radicalism and, in many cases, to criminal enterprises—out of sheer boredom. They feel there is no place in the American scheme of things for them to fit in and being intellectually brilliant, their minds turn to adventure which is ill-balanced and cause trouble to the entire country.

It is my idea that the continuation of the Public Works of Art Project should take note of this situation and in planning its future organization, follow along lines that will give to the intellectual an outlet to his talents and as a result, give to the American public a fuller and richer life.

It might be noted at this time that, at the current exhibition in Chicago, the most popular exhibition there was the Art Exhibition. More people visited this exhibition and more interest was taken in it, and more people came from great distances to see it, than any other attraction.

In San Francisco it might be noted that two recent exhibitions—one of Old Masters and one of Modern French Paintings, drew an attendance of over 250,000 people.

With the increasing leisure, due to shortened working hours, that is bound to come to our people, proper provision must be made for turning this leisure time into useful channels—channels that will add roundness to American life, which will not make it necessary for one to go abroad for culture, and channels which will interest and excite the minds of intelligent people and prevent their minds from turning to radicalism and criminalism.

It is my proposal that there be set up in Washington a Department of Fine Arts, which department will develop policies to be followed out by the various Regional Directors who will be appointed. The entire country will be divided up into regions, not by arbitrary geographical boundaries, but by boundaries that will be controlled through having centers where the cultural class is now concentrated being made available for decentralization and the spreading of their gifts to the surrounding territory.

As soon as these regions are set up, they would immediately begin to organize guilds of the following classes:

Painters and sculptors, writers, teachers, musicians, architects, dancers, craftsmen, actors, commercial artists, landscape architects, and any others that might fit into these categories.

These guilds would receive from the government, a sufficient grant to pay for the proper administrative expense of their activities. These expenses would probably comprise the salary of a secretary—rent for a meeting place, and such incidental expenses as go with it—stationery, stamps, etc.

Each of these individual guilds would elect a representative or representatives to form a central committee, with a Regional Director as its head. The administrative expense of this would also be met by the government.

As soon as this organization is perfected, the problem of cultural development within the Regional Director's territory would be put before the central organization and in turn put by the delegates to the individual guilds.

A survey of the surrounding territory would be made by individuals of these various guilds, who would be employed by the government to make this survey.

As examples of the type of survey that would be made—musicians would visit the various smaller communities contiguous to the main center and awaken interest in the development of local orchestras, travelling concerts, latent musical talent, and also the possibility of the community's meeting a portion of the expense of the development and the musical education within its boundaries.

Landscape architects would report upon the possibility of beautifying the smaller towns; artists on possibilities of painting murals, opening of schools of art, searching for hidden talent, etc.; actors, the possibility of developing pageants, festivals, street celebrations; craftsmen, the possibility of making hand-made household articles and improving taste in home furnishings; the idea through all this, however, being to develop a local interest within the small communities for the working out of these problems.

It is a positive fact that people appreciate and enjoy their own efforts far more than they do having something finished presented to them.

Because of the concentration of trained talent in the large centers, unemployed men in the above categories will be used to spread these cultural activities. It is vitally necessary that these cultural activities be spread throughout the entire nation and the larger and freer appreciation of the possibilities that life affords to those who can be taught to use and appreciate the Fine Arts, will do a great deal to rounding out American life.

The economic aspects of a program of this kind cannot be under estimated. A demand for better and finer things will spring up as a result of this spreading of culture. It will be a direct influence on many business activities. It will cause a freer and wider flow of money and will have a general tendency to decentralize industry, inasmuch as the type of article that will come into demand will be the product of small individual businesses, rather than those of mass production.

Instead of the Public Works of Art Project merely employing artists to make

isolated pictures and isolated decorations, and instead of employing musicians to give isolated concerts—these same people should be employed as torch-bearers, leaders and teachers, to awaken an interest in these vital parts of life throughout the widest field possible.

An appropriation covering the number of men to be employed in each category at fixed salaries, similar to the salaries they received under the previous Public Works of Art Project, would be governed naturally by the size of the appropriation.

It would not be possible, nor feasible, nor desirable, to employ every one in these categories who is out of work, in this program. The relief measures of other organizations and agencies would have to take care of destitute and incompetent men, the same as had been done in the past. But the competent men in these categories would be employed at public expense and in return would create lasting benefits which would more than repay for the expenditure. They would not only pay in this cultural service, but also in economic service, as I am positive the amount of money that would be saved the various governments—national, state and civic—in a lessening of crime, sickness, radicalism, etc. would be far greater than the amount of money actually appropriated.

The central organization in Washington would develop new plans and new policies, but it must always be understood that the greatest freedom and the greatest latitude must be left at all times to the individual guilds to work out plans and schemes within themselves.

Real interest and real enthusiasm can only be maintained if the creative idea is constantly encouraged. Ready-made ideas grafted on to others are never successful. What we want to develop is native, local culture which is real and natural and which already exists within our American people, but which has never been brought to the light of day.

Difference in climate, soil, locality, etc. will tend to give a tremendous variety to the results. This should always be encouraged. We want no standardized American culture. Our distances are too great and a community in Minnesota cannot be expected to accept the same type of culture that would be welcomed by a community in California.

To sum up—the expense that the government would be called upon to bear initially, would be:

1. Administrative expenses of individual guilds.

2. Administrative expenses of the central councils.

3. The salary of the Regional Directors.

4. Travelling expenses, expenses of maintaining schools and classes, where such schools and classes are not self-supporting.

5. Salaries of the number of men to be employed in the various guilds.

6. Appropriations for prizes, such as scholarships, etc. to deserving talent that might be developed.

Before closing it might be stated that it is my opinion that a large part of the expense, after the inauguration of the project, will be obtained from individual communities who will see the benefit of the program and who will find that a decrease in other costs of government which will result, will be available for constructive work of this kind, rather than for the destructive cause of wasted effort.

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The Ford dealership and service business, for a number of years held by Louis H. Levinson, of the Carmel Garage, has been acquired by the Berthold Motor Co. of Monterey. The sales and service department, the latter in charge of Mathew Stahl, is located on San Carlos Avenue, between Ocean and Seventh.

News of the World

The French speak French, the English speak English, and the Germans speak German. Does America have a language of her own? Twenty years ago such a suggestion would have been howled out of any drawing-room, but The Macmillan Company has published a book which is a strong argument in favor of the existence of an "American" tongue. It is called "A Thesaurus of Slang."

A veritable storehouse of colloquialisms, the volume contains slang words and expressions used daily in every walk of life from newspaper offices to lumber mills. The 120 pages of "patois" are a revelation. A dope-addict, we learn, is "a junkie"; a jewel thief is "an ice man"; to trifle is "to phutz around"; a prison sentence of over twenty years, but not life is "a telephone number bit." There are others even more intricate and mystifying.

One can not help speculating on the possibility of some archeologist in some distant era poring laboriously over a scrap of paper bearing the legend, "A button from the bandbox nabbed a digger and sent him to the mill," and finally emerging triumphantly from his laboratory to thrill an anxious world with the translation, "A policeman from the county jail sent a pick-pocket to prison."

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"Ted" Joslin was Secretary to President Hoover from 1931 to 1933. In the current issue of *Redbook*, he begins a series of articles dealing with those dark days when Great Britain suspended gold payments and Bonus Marchers were driven from the capital.

No President ever came closer than Mr. Hoover to the personification of industry. He began his day at six in the morning. At seven, he entered his session with the "medicine-ball cabinet." Eight-thirty saw him at his desk, and then his day began in earnest. Rare was the morning when he did not have an address or a message to write, or correspondence that demanded immediate attention.

Having disposed of his speech or letters, usually both, he spent the remainder of the day—until seven o'clock—interviewing Cabinet members, politicians, social leaders, etc. And then, of course, there were the photographers for whom Mr. Hoover had to "look pleasant" no matter how care-worn he felt. Dinner was served at eight o'clock and from the time it ended to the early hours of the morning, the President conferred (conversed is not the word) with those who were brought to the White House.

An entertainment presented by The National Press Club, which Mr. Hoover attended, gave the President his only "night out" in the two years during which Joslin served him.

What about an NRA code governing Presidential hours?

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It is noteworthy that attacks on the New Deal, no matter how sweeping, rarely or never extend to the Civilian Conservation Corps. Yet no other New Deal agency was more skeptically received when first proposed. "Even many of Mr. Roosevelt's friends had tolerantly explained the suggestion as one of his 'brainstorms,'" says Ernest K. Lindley, the President's biographer.

It has proved to be anything but a "brainstorm." The Corps was organized in April, 1933, when the first men were enrolled and the first camp was established, outside Luray, Virginia. At the end of last week, the strength of the Corps had risen to 360,000 and the number of camps to 1,643. No one disputes the value of the work the CCC has done in trail-building, fire-, flood-, and pest-prevention, and so on. Nor is it denied that hundreds of thousands of young men are being morally and physically benefitted by their healthy life in the open. However, the indirect value of the Corps as a relief agency may not be generally appreciated.

The interesting fact is that nearly all of the members send nearly all of their pay to their families. Corps officials estimate that 315,000 families receive from $22 to $25 a month from CCC workers, whose basic pay is $30 a month. This not only speaks volumes for the character of the young men enrolled; it shows that the Corps is keeping many thousands of families from humiliation and want.

❀ ❀

Fourteen-year-old boys who have reveled in the adventures of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Jim Hawkins*, and are bemoaning the passing of the days when men sailed the Spanish Main in search of treasure, should be heartened considerably by the story of Father Hubbard, Alaska's "Glacier Priest."

He has traversed the "rough spots of two hemispheres" and has finally concentrated on Alaska as the most fasci-

Stanley Wood—His paintings of Boulder Dam recently appeared in "Fortune"

nating and least-known section of the globe. The things which have befallen him there during his explorations tax credulity. On one occasion he and a companion piloted a plane into the center of the great Aniakchak Crater. They ran out of fuel, and their only chance of escape lay in the air-currents directly over the crater. Fortune was disposed in their favor. Sheer volcanic force lifted the ship skyward, and sent them toward safety.

The press of the nation carried the story of that thrilling escape on the front page, but paid scant attention to an even more harrowing experience of the "Glacier Priest." Once, while on a trek through the wastes of Northern Alaska with his dog-train, he became so ill from influenza that he was barely able to chain himself to his dog-sled. He had learned to place great trust in one of his dogs, Old Wolf, and before he was utterly exhausted he cut the harness to free Old Wolf. The dog then proceeded to take charge of the driving. Running up and down, and barking at the other twelve animals, nipping at them and guiding them, the intelligent huskie drove his team into an isolated mission, where the stricken padre was removed to obtain medical aid.

Father Hubbard has amply proved that adventure still is to be found.

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Drought made water a precious commodity in London recently, so Lady Plimsoll, whose father-in-law devised the original Plimsoll's mark for ships, ordered green lines painted around all the bathtubs in her home, six inches from the bottom, and forbade water to be drawn above the lines.

For a while, bathing in six inches of water was strictly a Plimsoll affair. Someone discovered that five inches of water was sufficient for a thorough cleansing; someone else found that he could do the trick in four. Keen interfamily rivalry developed and news of the great sport leaked out. The game became the craze of London and half the population of the city was attempting to lower the new Plimsoll's mark, which, by this time, had dropped sensationally to two inches.

Three days after the newspapers first carried the story of the Plimsoll bathtub line, a resident of Chelsea claimed for her daughter an all-time low of an inch and a quarter. Investigation by a jealous neighbor revealed, however, that the new record-holder was a mere infant weighing less than ten pounds. This incident resulted in the establishment of classes according to weight, age, and displacement. Handicaps were set up and the sport was soon placed upon a strictly scientific basis. Fair play is a British ideal.

❀ ❀

Woman's-rights advocates must have been thoroughly jolted by Judge Eugene O'Dunne's remarks in the Baltimore Circuit Court.

"It is a woman's prerogative to change her mind at any time, about anything—even marriage," he declared. "It is a God-given, if not a constitutionally recognized and guaranteed, right. She needs no legal guaranty. Decisions dissecting the feminine mind, soul, and body, and their several requirements are, at best, mere man-made law, and law never is accepted as binding on the female of the species."

The jurist went even farther than this. He declared that woman may change her mind with complete disregard of responsibility either to God, law, or man, "especially in all affairs of the heart."

By this curt statement of what he believes to be the facts, does Judge O'Dunne deny the right of woman to place herself on man's intellectual level. When youth passes to man's estate, he is bound by obligations of contract. When woman reaches her majority, may she still consider herself to be without a sense of responsibility? Many a woman, perhaps most women, will resent the implication.

❀ ❀

Is it fashionable to be sun-tanned this summer, and, if so, what shade should one affect? The business magazine *Fortune*, in an article on swimming, states flatly that "sunburn is less esteemed than it was in 1933." A fashion-note in the New York *Sun* offers testimony to the same effect. "Sunshades," it says, "are back, and are being bought by women in their twenties, as well as over."

Yet in that same city men swimmers, refusing to wear bathing-suit tops on public beaches, have created fuss enough to bring an expression of sympathy from Mayor F. H. LaGuardia. Moreover, it was reported not long ago that bathing-suit dealers expected to sell more trunks than tops this year, and that, because of the vogue for toplessness, hair-restorer manufacturers believed a good deal of their product would be splashed on manly chests.

It is all very contradictory and confusing, and someone ought to clear the matter up. How can one be sure he is in style without knowing whether he is supposed to be as white as a lily, or as dark as an overdone steak?

❀ ❀

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sprague, newlyweds, have come to Carmel to make their home. They will reside in their recently built cottage on Guadelupe Street.

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AN INVOLUNTARY NUDIST

Not so very long ago a popular young English actor romped merrily into town, to visit one of our worthy citizens, and inadvertently joined the Nudists, provided there are any to join? Well, he bid his hosts good night and started for the guest-house. He was sleepy, he was tired, he prepared himself for bed, then he cocked a suddenly interested ear toward the open window. Was that the surf sending him some inviting message? He stepped to the door and sniffed the cool night air. It was dark and still with only the constant boom—boom—an intriguing, muffled signal, so he waved a breezy answer and started blithely to the beach, his body clothed in a handsome brocaded dressing gown, his mind clothed in beautiful thoughts. Then with an air of abandon he flung off his dignified covering and plunged into the sea. There to revel in its cold, invigorating saltiness and forget, for a little while, his earthly troubles. But finally he emerged, tingling with delight and prancing up to his bathrobe, only it wasn't his bathrobe, it was a clammy clump of seaweed. Frantically he flew up and down the beach pouncing eagerly upon every dark object the dimness of the beach revealed, only to find it seaweed, seaweed and more seaweed! Seaweed everywhere and not a dressing gown in sight! What a big, little tragedy for our popular young English actor to start out a gentleman and come back a—Nudist! And *what* a grand slam our estimable town Marshal missed! —K. B.

❀ ❀

A commercial survey of 302,000 American girls was completed recently with appalling implications. Third and fourth generation Americans, it was found, are distinctly darker than their forebears: the blonde is disappearing.

Manufacturers of hair-bleaches and hair-dyes will be elated at this news, but for those who insist upon the honest-to-goodness, accept-no-substitute crown of golden hair, the prospect approaches the unbearable. It is quite possible that a "Save Our Blondes" movement soon will be organized which will receive the hearty indorsement of the men of the nation, for it is conceivable that unless some such movement is started, future generations may doubt that the Misses Jean Harlow and Mae West ever existed.

❀ ❀

Nearly 50,000 young women are graduated from American universities, colleges, and professional schools each year. It is a bit staggering, therefore, to be told that all of them are doomed to unhappy married lives.

However, that is the inevitable inference to be drawn from the opinions of Dr. D. P. Wilson, of the Los Angeles Institute of Family Relations.

"A college woman is too ambitious, too full of ideals, for any man to get along with," the Associated Press quotes him as saying, and again:

"A college woman, when she becomes a wife, makes more trouble than all the other classes of wives put together. I make just one exception. The only wife who makes more trouble than a college woman is a wife who has gone to girls' school."

It is possible, of course, to conclude from this that the good Doctor is joshing, or that he is out to break the standing high-generalization record, or even that he is just plain wrong, and at least a few husbands of college women, one assumes, would favor the conclusion last mentioned. But it also is possible to keep one's conclusions within a narrow range. Maybe the Doctor's statement signifies nothing more than the offshoot of the hot-weather silly season.

After the summer spent in San Diego, Miss Ida Maynard Curtis has returned to her Carmel Point home. Before settling down for the winter Miss Curtis plans a visit in Berkeley.

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Sunset School's baseball team is to be reorganized under the direction of Principal Otto W. Bardarson. Boys who show skill in the practice games will be given opportunity to compete with other Peninsula school teams.

❀ ❀

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea of Carmel Highlands have as their guest Mrs. O'Shea's sister, Mrs. B. H. Pine of Terre Haute, Indiana.

❀ ❀

On Saturday last, at the Velie Clinc, Mrs. Eugenia F. Fulton passed away. During her several years' residence here the deceased always took an active interest in art and social affairs. Survivors are her daughter, Mrs. Gertrude F. Tooker, and a son, Lester B. Fulton.

❀ ❀

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